



"THE  
HARVEST  
INDEED  
IS  
GREAT,  
BUT  
THE  
LABORERS  
ARE  
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"PRAY  
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THEREFORE



THE  
LORD  
OF  
THE  
HARVEST,  
THAT  
HE  
SEND  
LABORERS  
INTO  
HIS  
HARVEST."

St. Luke x- 2

# The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

Published by  
THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN

NEW JERSEY

RECOMMENDATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY  
THE BISHOP OF TRENTON, N. J.

I wish to recommend herewith most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Their work is truly Apostolic and is most dear to the heart of our beloved Holy Father, Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions. Any encouragement that you may give to them will be blessed most abundantly by Our Divine Master, JESUS CHRIST, who died on the Cross that all men may have Eternal Life. This Congregation of Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, we have made our very own in the Diocese of Trenton. Their work I have deemed most worthy of my special protection and I commend them most heartily to our good priests and faithful people.

Imprimatur:

+JOHN J. McMAHON  
Bishop of Trenton,  
Trenton, N. J.

"The work of the Foreign Missions surpasses every other work of Christian charity as far as the soul surpasses the body, as far as Heaven surpasses earth."

—Pius XI, The Pope of the Missions.

**LET ALL BE MISSIONARIES**

Everyone cannot leave home and country to go to the foreign missions, but all may become Missionaries, if by prayers and alms they help those to whom God has given a special vocation to work in the Field afar.

Whoever helps the Missionary in his apostolic labor will share in his merits and will be rewarded by Him who said: "And whosoever shall give only a glass of cold water to one of those little ones, because he is my disciple, Amen, I say to you he will not lose his reward." (Sy. Matt. 10-42.)

**SPIRITUAL FAVORS AND ADVANTAGES**

All those who help the missions in one way or another will share in the Masses, prayers and good works offered up daily by the Missionaries and the natives for their Benefactors.

Three Masses are celebrated every month for the intentions of the Benefactors.

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*For information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.*

# The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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## MARGARET'S FIRST LETTER

Seven o'clock!.....Sister Clara knocked a couple of times with a hammer on a piece of rail that hung from a tree near the school. It was an improvised bell, which for the want of a better one, notified the children each morning that it was time to come to school.

Little piccaninnies came running immediately from all directions and precipitated themselves over two large tubs of clean water destined for their morning ablutions. The face often passes after the feet, but the little negroes are not so particular. The older girls scrub the little ones, who dare not cry for fear of getting a good plunging. Towels?... There is no question of such a thing; the sun easily answers the purpose.

Another knock on the rail and the children silently take their ranks for class. After prayers, the Sister distributes the slates and turning to one of her pupils:

"Margaret you must write to your Godmother to-day to thank her for the beautiful material she sent you. Compose your letter on your slate first and then I will give you a new pen and a nice sheet of writing paper."

The pretty little girl who smilingly listened to her teacher must have been about eleven years old. She was well advanced in school, good at manual work and not a bit slothful—a good note for a negress. In fact all she needed to become a pearl was to cultivate a greater affection for water. Her hands in particular did not come in contact with it very often.

Five years ago, Ouangiho, Margaret's mother lay dying. In accordance with a native custom of her tribe, she was taken into the brushwood to expire. A member of the Kikouyou tribe may not die in his hut; otherwise, to atone for a violation of the kind,

the relations of the deceased person are obliged to offer a sacrifice to appease the evil spirits, and tear down the hut. In order to avoid this expense a person in danger of death is carried at a distance from his home. The patient will be watched, and supplied with water. A little fire will be kept burning during the night to keep the wild beasts away—at least for the most fortunate. But how many poor wretches remain alone dying of thirst before their disease has had the time to complete its work of destruction!

As soon as the Sister in charge of visiting the sick, heard of Ouangiho's sad situation, she decided to bring relief to the dying mother. The sun had not risen when Sister Beatrix received Holy Communion and started out to climb the mountains that separated Ouangiho from the mission. On she went for hours, and when, from time to time, she would ask the guide if they would soon arrive, she would receive for answer: over the river, on the other side of the mountain, etc. It was noon when Sister found her patient. To tell her the object of her visit, console her, instruct her in the truths of our religion and finally regenerate her with the water of Holy Baptism was easy.

That year famine reigned in the country, and when the poor mother asked her brother to take care of her three little girls, the youngest of whom was but a year, he refused, saying he had nothing to give them to eat. What solace for the woman when Sister Beatrix promised to take her children back to the mission, to rear them and make Christians of them whom she would meet again in heaven! The dying mother, assembling the rest of her strength together, pressed her little ones to her heart; and then, exhausted, her head drooped to the side. The soul of our neophyte became enraptured in the presence of her Redeemer.



Sister Beatrix shared her lunch with the orphans, which they devoured eagerly. Then the guide put the youngest on his back and they all started homeward. It was night before they reached the mission.

Sometime later, a paternal uncle had the audacity to reclaim the children. They were his property he declared, the mother being a widow. By diplomacy, perhaps for fear of the whites whom he did not know very well, he decided to leave the children at the mission until their marriage. Owing to the fact that the natives marry very young, this day is not very far off for Margaret, she is big and strong and not at all wanting in grace or charm. At least Sister Clara thinks so as she sees her docile scholar bending over her slate. Judging from the saliva that is consumed, it is rather a laborious task to write a letter.

As the children left school, Margaret brought her letter to her teacher. "That will do," said Sister. The following is the literal translation:  
Dear Godmother:

How are you over in America? It came to me from you some pretty stuff that Sister Magdalene sewed into a dress for me. This stuff was big. My little sister Cecilia has a dress too with it. I say thanks. My sister says thanks. Those dresses are for Mass Sundays. My sister is six years old. We pray every day for you. We ask God to send you rain to make your corn grow. Here at Mangu the corn dried up. The people say they are hungry. There are some sweet-potatoes but they will not last until the corn grows again. Since a long time the Sisters pray to ask rain from the Little Flower. They say she sends showers of roses. Perhaps it is not her work to send showers of rain. That is why it does not, rain. I am not always a good girl. Pray for me to be a good Christian. I have no more to say. I greet you. My sister greets you.

I, your Godchild,

Margaret.

Sister Clara made the first capital letter and then left, closing the door so that the child would not be disturbed. Margaret was about to sign her letter when suddenly she heard some one moan at the

dispensary. In a second she had her head out the window. Sister Louis Charles was getting ready to put an end to the sufferings of one of her clients. A turn, then a pull of the forceps, and the tooth was out. The man was hardly conscious of the extraction the operation had been so quick. He cried and laughed at the same time.

"You promised to send your son to school. Why does he not come?" asked Sister.

"Oh," replied Ganga, a little embarrassed, "The mmere (native grain) would be eaten by the birds if he did not stay to watch it."

"All right," continued the Sister, "open your mouth."

So saying she reversed the forceps so as to present the handle which had the shape of a hammer. The old pagan stood nonplussed while Sister held the tooth between the thumb and index of the left hand and the hammer in the right.

"Since you do not know how to keep your word, I am going to put back your decayed tooth, 'Open your mouth, I said'."

The scene became tragi-comical. The poor fellow rolled himself on the ground, groaned and promised everything.

"Tomorrow, without fail—I assure you—I swear to it—I'll send my son—every day—do you hear—every day he will come. Do you want my wife too?—in the morning?—in the afternoon?—just as you like."

"Well send your son to begin with, we'll see about your wife later on. But remember, if you don't keep your word this time, you'll regret it."

Relieved, but not altogether over his emotion, Ganga got up slowly, picked up his stick and left grumbling:

"Those Whites! Who gave them so much intelligence? With the same instrument they are capable of pulling out a tooth and putting it back again.—oh, those Foreigners!"

Margaret burst out laughing. She had missed nothing of what had just taken place. The abashed expression of the old pagan excited her hilarity. Leaving the window, she looked for her letter. Where could it be? It was neither on the desk nor on the floor. Soon she spied Anthony, a child of four, carrying mud in it. Margaret got angry, even attempted to slap the culprit; the loss was irreparable.

The next morning, Sister Clara received an explanation. It was an accident, so Margaret received another sheet of paper. Oh, this time she would not move until her letter was finished, no matter what



happened! The first page finished: "Sister," she said, "shall I turn?" In putting down her pen she upset the bottle of ink which covered her paper. Margaret cried for vexation. Sister Clara scolded a little and then gave her clumsy scholar a third sheet of paper.

At ten o'clock a wedding passed by. The letter, fortunately finished, escaped another disaster. While Sister Clara addressed the envelope, Margaret watched the cortage from the school door. On approaching the church a hymn to Saint Joseph was sung. Judging from the expression of her physiognomy, our little negress surely dreamed of such a husband: a real Mozongu! (Foreigner). Only his skin differed.

The bridegroom, although not at all rich, was dressed like a foreigner. The pants were borrowed from Joseph and the coat belonged to Stanislaus. With a great deal of good will Petro, our hero of the day, forced his feet into Martin's shoes; however, on arriving at the door of the church, he was happy to take them off for a while. His shirt, that

was badly in need of a washing, was lent by Leon while the hat and neck-tie claimed Benedicto for proprietor. Happy to be so well rigged out to be married, Petro asked one of the Sisters if the Whites lent their clothes. Surprised to hear that it was not a custom among the white people, he quickly concluded: "Then they have no brotherly love for one another."

Margaret received her letter from Sister Clara and went to bring it to Maito (the Superior) to be stamped and mailed. In passing before the fountain, she stopped and carefully laid her letter on a large leaf of papyrus while she took a drink. In less time than it takes to tell it, a puff of wind caught it and off it went. Margaret watched it for an instant; perhaps it was the direction to America. She soon realized, however, that she had to run after her letter. It had rained the night before so you can realize the condition in which she captured it.

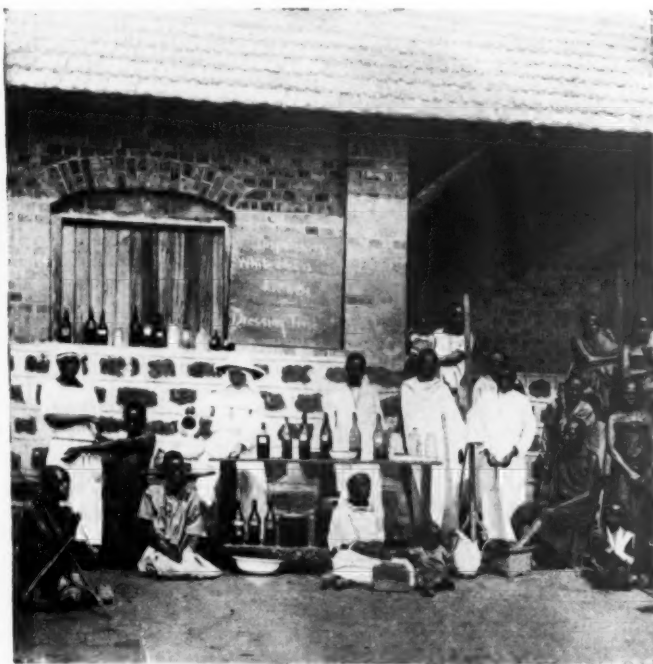
As our little negress began her letter for the fourth time, she little thought that a pen, other than her own, would tell her story.

Sister Mary of the Holy Ghost, W. S.

## ECHOES FROM AFRICA

"Then it is understood," the Missionary said, trying to puzzle the science of the little ones, "Penance is one of the Sacraments that can be received but once."

"No, no," came the quick reply, "the Sisters receive it every week."



A Dispensary in Central Africa

A young man has a very bad wound on his leg that prevents him from moving and it is obvious that it will soon bring him to the grave.

"Poor Luca," (Luke) said one of the Sisters, "are you not tempted to murmur at times when you suffer so much?"

"No, Father told me suffering was good, it prepares one for heaven. Why should I complain?"

## The Ways of Providence

**I**T WAS a holiday at St. Charles' Orphanage. The older girls gathered round me, while the little ones played hide and seek.

"Sister, tell us a story," the girls pleaded.

"A story?...What if you told me one for a change," I replied.

"O, Sister, we do not know any."

"Yes, you do, tell me your own story, that is, how Divine Providence guided you to St. Charles."

The suggestion seemed to please my young hearers, for without delay, Kheira began:

"Sister, my home was in a village at some distance from the White Sisters' hospital in the Attaffs. I was still very small when my father died, but my mother was married again soon afterwards and my step-father did not care for me at all. If there happened to be a good dinner, his own children shared it, but I was always put aside; still he never beat me.

"At that time, a frightful famine was the cause of great misery and many a day we had nothing to eat. One night, my step-father came home very happy. 'Make merry,' he said, 'I have succeeded in stealing a cow and we shall have meat to eat to our heart's content. I have already killed it.'

"Delighted, I ran next door to tell the good news to our neighbor. 'Fathma, I have a secret. My step-father has just stolen a cow and has killed it. At last we shall have a good meal.'

"To my surprise she remained silent. Did she regret that her husband had not been so lucky? At any rate, I never dreamed what the sad results of my indiscretion were to be. I had never heard of God, and I did not know it was wrong to steal; I could only rejoice at the idea of having something to eat; for during those awful days, we often ate nothing but grass and many a time we would cry and no one would help us.

"Unfortunately, the secret was repeated from ear to ear and in no time

it came back to my step-father. He was very angry to have been denounced by me and, foreseeing that all his plans were frustrated, besides what was sure to follow, he beat me until I was half dead, threatening to kill me if I remained under his roof any longer.

"My mother, fearing for my life, led me away from home and brought me to a large roadway. 'Continue to walk on this road for a long, long, while,' she said, 'and you will come to a large house where strange women care for homeless children.' Then she took off my dress and ear-rings leaving me but a piece of rag for covering. 'Show them how poorly you are dressed and say you are an orphan, so that they will care for you,' she concluded. Poor mother! She was so sorry to make me go away but she knew if my step-father found me when he returned home he would surely kill me. I clung to her but she said, 'Go child, I prefer your leaving me to seeing you killed by my husband's stick.'

"Exhausted, and with a heavy heart I left my mother and started on the way. After walking for hours I would ask, 'Will I soon reach the house where the strange women care for homeless children?' But I would always receive the same answer. It is still far, far, away.

"I was several days on the way; now and then I would stop to rest and beg a little food, just enough to keep me from starving to death. At night-fall I would hide in a cave or behind a wall, and at morn I would set bravely out once more. At last, one

evening I caught sight of a steeple which turned out to be that of the Chapel of Our Lady of Africa.

"Before long I was at the gate of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. I walked up to the door and asked the Sister, 'Is this the house for children who have no home?'

"Sister answered, 'We have several of them here at present.'

"Well, I am an-



Chapel of Our Lady of Africa, Attaffs

## Remember the Orphans

**T**HE WHITE Sisters are caring for hundreds of little children in their Orphanages who have but one fault: **INSATIABLE APPETITES!** In these days of depression this is a serious fault indeed and the future would be very gloomy if the Sisters did not count on the assistance of the Little Flower of Lisieux, to whom they have entrusted the care of their orphans.

Daily folding their hands together, these little ones ask their holy protectress to shower heavenly roses upon their benefactors.



Any offering, no matter how small, for the **ORPHANS' BREAD** will be greatly appreciated by the Sisters. In return benefactors will have the prayers of these little ones and, better still, the blessing of Him Who was once a poor child Himself and who said: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." St. Matthew XXV.

### THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE

(Continued from Page 34)

other of them. Here I am, and here I shall remain.'

"Seeing how decided I was, Sister took me to the Mother Superior, who was very kind and gave me something to eat. Then I must have fainted, for when I came to myself again, I was washed and had a clean dress on lying in bed. O, it was like a dream. I cannot tell you how comfortable I felt. Never before was I so well off. Then Mother Superior questioned me as to how I had come to the Hospital and I told her my tale and begged to be allowed to remain.

"Keep me, do, Mother, I promise you to work hard and to do all you want.' I was accepted for the time being; Mother intended trying to get more information about me.

"O, the happy days I spent there! What a contrast to my past life! It was heaven on earth. I had enough to eat and to drink, and a good bed,

just like those the sick people hand, and that not only one day, but every day.

"After a few weeks, Mother asked me if I were happy and if I intended to stay with the Sisters. I told her I had no intention whatever of leaving. Then she told me I could not stay at the hospital, but that a Sister would take me to another house where there were other girls like myself.

"That is how I happened to come to St. Charles, where, as you know, I am very happy among my companions. I am particularly grateful for having been led to a place where I am taught to know and love God. I pray for those I left at home, and ask Almighty God that they, too, may one day receive the gift of Faith and become Catholics, as I hope to be before long.

"I have finished, Sister."

Sr. Mary, W. S.

(To be continued.)

## Will It Be Granted

A poor leper passed away. Although his body had gradually fallen into decay, his soul, regenerated and fortified by the sacraments of holy Mother the Church, went to meet his Redeemer.

The Father Superior gave orders for the burial. Four jovial fellows were to dig the grave in the cemetery reserved for the victims of leprosy. Then they were to take the body to the threshold of the Church where the Missionary would give the absolution.

Two, three, and four hours had elapsed since the orders were given and nothing was seen or heard of the grave-diggers. The Father Superior, tired of waiting, sent a messenger in search of them. He returned a half-hour later followed by the men.

"Didn't I give you some orders this morning?" asked Father Superior.

"Yes, Father, and we've finished," replied the liveliest. The others grinned at the prospects of a pinch of salt or some tobacco in compensation for the task accomplished.

"Finished! How! What do you mean is finished? Where is the corpse?" asked the Missionary.

"Father he is buried."

"Buried! By whom? Where?"

"Yes Father, he is buried and well buried. We said to ourselves, there is no need of bothering Father about him. Since we have seen the dead buried so often, we can now do it ourselves. So we took the holy-water and after sprinkling the four corners of the grave, we let down the leper and covered the hole. Then, we threw the rest of the holy-water over the grave and here we are at your service."

The Father Superior, listening to the ingenuous account of their exploit, wondered what would be their next enterprise. He explained that anyone can not so easily substitute for a priest. The negroes replied in surprise:

"Father, we may baptize the dying and you forbid us to bury the dead which is much easier. When we baptize a pagan we must instruct him and answer all his arguments, whereas the dead man does not say anything. Listen Father, you had better ask our Holy Father the Pope to give us the permission to bury the dead since we may baptize the dying. It would facilitate things for you and for us."

### KALALANDA'S PRAYER

A Sister in making her round of visits stopped in front of the hut of old Kalalanda, known as the Blind One, who spent a part of each day fervently praying to God whom he expected to see soon in all His Glory. She lingered to listen, admiring in her heart the loftiness of this improvised prayer:

"My God," cried the Blind One, "You, yes You only, and the Sisters have pity on poor Kalalanda, everybody else has abandoned him. Why, my God is it necessary that I suffer so? That is a mystery to me. Never," said he, lifting his hands towards heaven, "Never have these hands stooped to prepare any poison with which to bewitch anyone, not even my enemies! My God, you know that when my enemies persecuted me I hid in the jungle alone with You! The lion came and the leopard visited me, the serpent slipped by close to me, but, I said to them: 'My friends, listen to me! If I have ever done anybody an injury of any kind do not spare me, tear me to pieces, strike clear to the bone! If I have never harmed anyone then please do not touch me!' And the lion and the leopard went away in one direction, the serpent slipped away in another. 'Then, my God, why is it that nobody pays any attention to me among my own people, not even my children?'"

"My God, You know what I am. I am not the sun, or the moon, or the grass, or the dew. No, I

am more than these. I am Kalalanda, your child, whom You have redeemed.

"I know that I am blind, but I know that You will give me sight again in heaven and then all will know that I have spoken truly when I say I am more than the sun, more than the moon, and more than the grass, because, then, even I, your child, shall see Your Face."





